Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

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GIVING UP A STRAY CAT.

WHAT HUMANE WORKERS ARE DOING

The New York papers contain frequent paragraphs on the subject of Mr. Haines' successor, and in many of their paragraphs it is stated that General Chaffee will be or has been offered the position at a salary of $6000. a year. The reason given for his election to this most responsible office is that he "is wanted to bring the conflicting elements together." So far nothing has been published as regards his sympathy with suffering animals. To those who observe the great amount of suffering caused by lack of kindness and even common consideration for our fourfooted friends in every city it would seem as if love and pity for these fellow mortals, and a stern determination to protect them from ill usage, should be the very first quality to look for in the president of a humane society.

A trustee who has resigned from the American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Joel B. Erhardt, sent to the board of managers some excellent suggestions that they would do well to heed. He advises them to have their books open to the public; to refuse to allow either the offices of trustees or directors or president to be self-perpetuating, and to put on the board of trustees women as well as men, saying that women are apt to take more interest in any cause that tends to alleviate suffering and are zealous workers. This is true, but whether they are more humane than men is a question. Some of the greatest workers for the cause of suffering animals, twofooted or fourfooted, have been men, and the best results are often brought about when a board of directors consists of both men and women.

What a pity it is that all humane societies cannot follow the example of that one in Bucharest, Hungary, which has secured the passing of a law which will prevent working horses from being used on Sunday. In our cities we see many horses working on Sundays that we know have worked all the week and need rest.

The New York Senate is engaged in a contest over the measure that has been introduced into the lower house prohibiting the docking of horses' tails. The bill has advanced to a third reading before the upper house in spite of strong opposition and will likely become a law. The trouble with all such humane laws is that it is easy to evade them unless the agents employed by humane societies are more vigilant and determined than most of them appear to be. An agent who is working only for a salary and has no real sympathy in the work is not likely to get many convictions or prosecutions.

The Animal Rescue League began two years ago to work for a law in regard to selling old horses. This spring the following statute has been accepted. George A. O. Ernst, Esq., a well known and very able lawyer, who is one of the directors of the League, took charge of the bill. His earnest appeal, and the way in which he conducted the case when it appeared before the committee, doubtless had much to do with its acceptance. It is as follows: —

CHAPTER 185 STATUTES OF 1906.

Section 1.— It shall be unlawful for any person holding an auctioneer's license to receive or offer for sale or to sell at public auction any horse which by reason of debility, disease or lameness, or for other cause, could not be worked in this Commonwealth without violating the laws against cruelty to animals.

Section 2.— It shall be unlawful for any person to lead, ride or drive on any public way, for any purpose except that of conveying the animal to a proper place for its humane keeping or killing, or for medical or surgical treatment, any horse which, by reason of debility, disease or lameness, or for other cause, could not be worked in this Commonwealth without violating the laws against cruelty to animals.

Secion 3.— Any licensed auctioneer violating any provision of this act shall forfeit his license, and any person violating any provision of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than five nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than six months.

This statute will take effect April 20th, 1906.

Any one who sees a miserable horse, old, lame, and apparently unfit for travel can, provided the

owner can be made to give his address, get the horse examined by agents of the S. P. C. A. and condemned if unfit for work, but this fact should always be borne in mind, that to condemn a horse and forbid his owner to use him does not by any means insure the safety of that horse which is liable to be traded off or smuggled into another city or state and worked until he drops. It is for that reason that the Animal Rescue League buys such horses, as only when we see that they are killed can we feel sure that they are safe.

Surrounded by luxury in the home of Mrs. George McClellan is a sleek, handsome Irish sheepdog, which was the real founder of the Francisvale Home for Dogs at Radnor.

One snowy night, as Mrs McClellan was on her way to a theater, she noticed this dog trying to attract the attention of passersby. The intelligence of the animal appealed to her, and she stooped down and patted it. The dog gave her a look so grateful and pathetic that she retraced her steps and saw that it was well cared for in her own house before she went to the play. It has been an inmate of the McClellan house ever since.

Its patroness called it Francis, and when, through her efforts, the home for dogs was started at Radnor, it was named for the rescued dog.

Francis is far above charitable institutions himself. He is a very proud dog now.

STORIES THAT ARE SAID TO BE TRUE

Mother Love (A true story)

One day near the last of August a party of children were playing around the door-yard of an old farm, up in the White Mountains, when suddenly they noticed a little robin hopping around on the ground.

On seeing that the little bird was helpless one of the party, John by name, picked it up and put it into a cage and hung it on an old apple tree near the place where it had been found. He then fed it on moistened bread and water.

The next morning on coming from the house we saw an old bird fly from the tree which we watched until by and by it came back bringing with it a worm for the little bird.

John did not neglect to give it water and also food every day but the mother continued to hover over her young one.

This lasted for several days when finally the bird died, and the mother bird came one morning only to find the cage empty and the children, with John as their leader, burying the little bird.

After this for several days the mother bird came and mourned over the cage, and the father bird came also and perched up in the tree.

You see by this how the love of a mother and father comes into the bird life and binds them together as the higher love of our mothers and fathers binds us to them. God's love for us, which is higher than our earthly parents', ought to bind us to him and make us feel kindly toward the dumb creatures which he gives us to make our earth more beautiful.

If the kind feeling which John had for the poor helpless little bird could only creep into the hearts of our boys and girls here in the city there would be less work for the League to do. Emily A. Pratt.

Two cats, not related, were recently missed for several days from their home in an English village, and were accidentally found in a loft, one with its foot in a trap, and the other sitting beside it. The floor was littered with the remains of dead mice, birds, etc., which the one not trapped had evidently brought up to feed its imprisoned friend, and it had not even left its companion long enough to go home to rest.—The Countryside.

The Intelligence of Jack

Somebody had given the mistress a handsome lampshade and she determined to have the photographs of all the family including the dog put on the shade. They all went to the studio and all were taken but the dog who behaved so badly that the artist gave him up. As the family went home the dog's mistress scolded him thus, "You were very, very naughty, a bad boy not to have your picture taken." The

next morning Jack went out alone, went to the studio, entered the room, lay down and his picture was taken and can be seen today on the shade.

Who says dogs don't reason?

The family had moved into smaller quarters and of course good old Jack had moved with them. The first evening at dinner, the dog being in front of the fire, the head of the family said (just for fun), "There does not seem to be any place here for Jack to sleep; we shall have to give him away." Little Maudie looked up quickly, "Grandfather, if there is no other place for Jack he can sleep on my bed." The next morning when the little girl awoke, behold there was the dog on the foot of her bed, a place he had never occupied before.



SANCHO AND BARNEY

This is a photograph of Sancho and his little mother, Barney.

The little mother cat was brought when a kitten to her present home. One of the men employed about the place got her to live in the barn, so she was named Barney. She proved to be an intelligent little cat who knew enough to find her way into the house and into the hearts of its inmates.

When she presented Sancho to the family she was more welcome than ever. Sancho was a handsome maltese and white kitten with double paws. He seemed to understand very quickly everything that was taught him and soon learned to lie down and pretend he was a dead cat.

The cats had each a little bed made out of a fruit basket and suspended from the steam pipe in the cellar, and after they had been given their supper they would go to their beds. A window was arranged so that they could go in or out as they pleased.

But though they were so well cared for and happy, Sancho's life was a short one. During his illness the love and devotion shown him by Barney was very touching. She would sit by his side and seem to be looking for a chance to help him.

Sancho's throat was so swollen that he could not swallow. A dish of milk was given him and when Barney saw that he could not drink she put her tongue into the milk and then licked Sancho's mouth. But all her tender mother love and all the care his mistress gave him could not save him. His brave little heart ceased to beat and loving hands buried him in a corner of the rose garden where he had often slept.

Little Barney still lives, though old and deaf.

A. C. T.

A Long Search

A Newfoundland dog belonging to Mr. G. H. Henning of Omaha was left by his master with friends of the family while Mr. and Mrs. Henning took their vacation last summer. Suddenly the dog disappeared. The next heard of him was through a letter written by Mr. T. B. Mills of Superior, Wisconsin, saying that a fine dog bearing an Omaha tag was wandering about in Superior. The previous summer Mr. Henning went to this place and took Stub with him, thus it appears very evident that when the dog was left behind on this occasion he remembered where the family went before and set out in search of them, walking it is supposed, six hundred miles. Such a devoted dog as Stub certainly deserves to accompany the family on their summer outings.

The cravings of hunger felt by a horse or dog or cat are the same you feel yourself. They need food and water at regular times and suffer like you when they are neglected.

THE BOY AND HIS FRIENDS.

A STORY FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

V.

In the dim light Henry did not see at first that there was a roll of paper fastened on the back of his collar and it was not until the dog had jumped up on him several times that he discovered it. Astonished and frightened, Henry untied it and unrolled it. Inside a brown paper bag was another piece of paper. On that was written with a lead pencil in his father's clear writing,—"Harness Blackie in sleigh and drive carefully along the road till you find us. Jack will show you. Don't be frightened. Bring a can of hot water in the heaviest horse blanket; the large bottle marked Ginger in barn closet, and the lantern."

Henry took Blackie out from his stall and harnessed him into the sleigh as fast as his trembling fingers would allow. It was only within two months that his father had taught him to harness, and if the horse had not been very easily managed he could not have got on his collar or managed the heavier parts of the harness alone. Blackie was no longer young but he had had the best of care; he was still a strong horse and Henry hoped that in a light sleigh he would be able to get over the rough and unbroken road. Fortunately it had stopped snowing as suddenly as it began and a very dim moon was peeping through the clouds.

Always kind and thoughtful about his fourfooted friends, Henry, before he started, had given Jack a large pan of the warm milk to drink, and now he took him in the sleigh, meaning to let him ride long enough to get a little rested. How far the dog had been through the snow he had no idea, or how far he would now have to go before finding his father and mother.

The Graham farm was in a very lonely part of the country, no house being within a mile of it. It took some courage for a boy to drive along that lonely road through the woods, but Henry was feeling so troubled about his father and mother that he could not think of himself. Blackie went bravely through the unbroken snow, panting and snorting as he went, and Henry tried in vain to see what was ahead in the road and wondered how far he would have to go to find his father.

He had not driven over half a mile, though it seemed miles to him, before Jack gave an excited bark and jumped from the sleigh. Then Henry heard his father answering Jack and calling "Here we are!"

Blackie stopped of his own accord and Henry jumped out of the sleigh. His father and mother both held out their hands to him; and his mother, to his surprise, cried over him uutil his father said,—"Why, my dear, you have been so brave you mustn't break down now our good knight has come to our rescue."

"I was so afraid you might harness wrong and break down on the way, or get bewildered in the snow," said Mrs. Graham, "but now you are here, and safe, I am so thankful! You are a dear, brave boy!"

"I knew Henry would be brave and do his duty," Mr. Graham said.

"But what has happened?" Henry asked, "and why is Fanny down? Did she fall? Oh, father, she isn't dead, is she?"

Mr. Graham told Henry that Fanny had been taken very suddenly sick. They had passed the last house on the way home and no shelter was near. He noticed she was going very slowly for several miles but thought that was because she was tired dragging the wagon through the snow.

Like Henry he had not realized when in the town that the snow had gathered so fast, and as he had a light wagon and no load but himself and wife and a few purchases that they had made in town he started early, soon after noon, and thought that he would have no trouble in driving slowly home. Fanny must have been feeling sick when he left the town, but the poor horses cannot tell their masters when they are sick, so Mr. Graham did not know it until she became too sick to travel.

He took the can of water which had kept hot on the heavy blankets and poured it in a pail he had with him, then added the medicine Henry had brought. He put the hot blanket over the shivering horse and Henry helped him while he poured the medicine down her throat, first putting it back in the can so that he could pour it more easily into the horse's mouth.

"We must try to get her up in a minute and see if we can make her walk behind the sleigh home," said Mr. Graham, and after all the medicine had been given her she seemed better and was persuaded and helped get on her feet.

The wagon was left behind, on the side of the road and the little party went slowly on their way back. When they at last reached home, Henry helped his father care for the sick horse and they made her comfortable on a bed of thick straw, covering her with warm blankets. Good old Blackie was given a warm mash with a little ginger in it, which he greatly enjoyed. Then Henry and his father and Jack went into the house where Mr. Graham had spread out a hot supper, for they were all cold, tired and hungry.

Not until after supper was a word said about Jack's part in the adventure, then Mr. Graham said to his son; —

"My dear boy, how came you to think to send Jack to look for us? It was a grand thing to do for I think Fanny would have died if she had lain there in the snow fifteen minutes longer without any help. I couldn't leave her when she was suffering so much and your mother could not walk through the deep snow. I can't tell you how I felt. I didn't know what to do. I halloed to you but I didn't think you could hear me as we supposed we were twice as far away as we were, but I thought we were nearer to Mr. Ball's house and hoped he would hear me. I was never so surprised and so thankful as I was when I saw Jack."

"Father," said Henry, clasping his arm more tightly around Jack's neck as boy and dog sat on the floor together, "I didn't send Jack, I never thought of it. He went of his his accord, and I believe that he must have you when you shouted for help.

Then Henry told how he stood at the barn door and halloed, and how suddenly Jack bounded off, after appearing to listen, and Mr. Graham said thoughtfully, —"I always knew that dogs have wonderful powers of smelling and of hearing but I never quite knew what a valuable friend a dog can be until tonight." Then he turned to Jack, and leaning forward he laid one hand on his boy's shoulder and one on Jack's head, saying:

"Jack, dear fellow, we shall never forget what you've done for us tonight." And Jack looked up and wagged his tail rapidly, and licked Henry's hand, and said as plainly as a dog could say: —

"You saved me once from an awful death. 'One good turn deserves another'."

Then Jack and the boy lay down on the rug before the fire and Goldie got out of Mrs. Graham's lap and stretched herself, and went and curled herself up under Jack's chin, and it was not long before the three friends were dozing, while Mr. and Mrs. Graham talked in low tones of the day's adventure and of the comfort it was to have a kind and brave son, and a faithful, intelligent dog. A. H. S.

THE END.

CARE OF OUR USEFUL FRIENDS

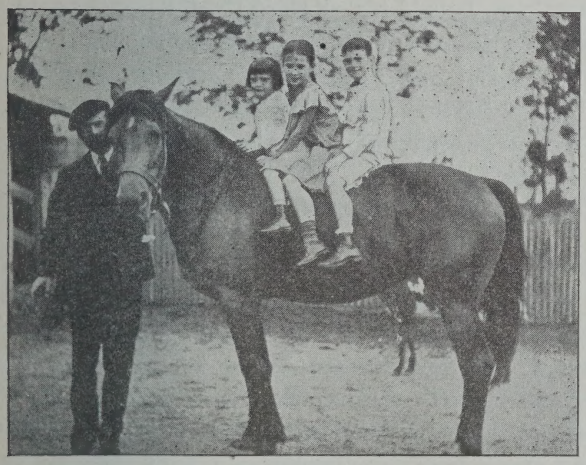
The following is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Blanche Bilharz, Flat River, Mo.

"There is nothing new you could tell me on this subject" (suffering of cattle). "I spent one winter in New Mexico and saw thousands of cattle dying of starvation. I never saw anything more horrible nor will I ever be able to forget it. The picture on the pamphlet, 'The Starvation of Cattle on the Western Plains,' by Mr. E. K. Whitehead, is not the least overdrawn."

The bill before the House in Washington, D. C., to allow shippers of cattle to have their stock carried 36 to 40 hours without water, rest or food will probably be settled before this magazine goes to press. If it passes we may expect even more unwholesome flesh on the market than we now have. How is it possible to shut cattle up together in cars so crowded that every journey means death to some of the cattle, and deprive them for three days and nights, even in the intense heat of summer, of water enough to alleviate their burning thirst,

and not have a feverish condition result from this cruelty? Many persons have given up eating flesh of animals because of the utter indifference shown by cattle raisers to the great suffering of the cattle on the plains and in transportation, and many more will be added to the rapidly increasing company of non-flesh eaters.

If we want meat for food and feel that we must have it (which is a fallacy gradually disappearing) we should use our influence to have cattle kept only on fertile plains where enough food and water can be obtained to keep them in good condition, and where they can get shelter from storms. Then there should be slaughter houses at convenient stations and the cattle should be killed humanely before they are shipped such long distances. This is quite possible in these times when ice plants can be placed anywhere where water can be obtained, and refrigerator cars can carry the dead animals.



This beautiful horse belongs to Mr. Bilharz, Flat River, Mo., and was broken to harness entirely by kindness.

The Scare About Rabies

It is greatly to be deplored that because of the scare about rabies, which was caused by a dog that ran through several towns and was reported to have bitten a number of dogs and one or two children, an order for muzzling dogs has gone forth in three or four cities and towns near Boston. Muzzling a dog is likely to make him savage and it certainly causes him great discomfort.

It is interesting to note in this connection that a little girl who was carried to the Pasteur Institute and died there was examined by a physician at the Institute who certified that she had no symptoms whatever of rabies but was suffering from spinal meningitis.

While there is such a disease as rabies, yet the very great majority of doctors, and of men who have handled hundreds of dogs, declare that it is extremely rare and that many cases reported to be rabies are blood poisoning or hysteria. Yet everyone should be careful about a bite from either a dog or a cat, and no one should kill a dog immediately because he has bitten anyone. The dog is far more likely to be suffering from an epileptic fit or from acute indigestion than from rabies, and if the person bitten does not get nervous over the bite it will probably turn out like the case in the poem by Oliver Goldsmith:—

"The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died."

If the scare headlines in a Boston daily paper should be generally acted upon there would be likely to be a great increase of wretched dogs about the city, growing more savage and diseased every day from starvation. The large headlines read,—"Don't Entertain Homeless Dogs."

Suppose every kind person who now harbors a lost or homeless dog until they can make some humane disposition of him heeded this warning and drove the dog away from their doors or passed hungry and forlorn dogs by on the street, how unfortunate it would be for the dogs.

At the beginning of the last snowstorm, when going through Eliot Street, I saw a female bull dog behind an iron gate that shut off a little passageway between two stores. The snow was falling, the dog was shaking with the cold and trying to pull open the gate with her paws. I crossed over the street and made inquiries about

the dog from a man in one of the adjoining stores, who told me that she had been around the street all the previous day and was apparently lost or deserted.

The man very kindly consented to fasten a rope to the dog's collar so that I could lead her to the League. Had this man seen and heeded the advice not to handle a homeless dog for fear of rabies, I do not know what would have been this dog's fate, but he tied a rope to her collar, although she snapped at him and was very hard to manage. When I took the rope to lead her away she ran around and around in a circle as if having a fit, but I talked to her soothingly and succeeded in leading her through the street and in getting her into the League kennels. She must have appreciated the change from the cold snowstorm to the warm room, but she was so homesick she would only eat when I sat down on the floor beside her. One or two days later we answered an advertisement which brought a pleasant appearing man to the League, and there was a joyful reunion between the old dog and her master.

He lost her, he said, when getting on the elevated car at Pleasant Street. He thought she was close at his heels but the door was closed between them before she got on. He went back as soon as he could leave the car but could not find her. We told him he should have been much more careful of an old family pet. The dog had on a handsome collar but it was unmarked. This story illustrates the duty of giving shelter and care to homeless dogs, and such cases are happening at the Animal Rescue League every week. A. H. S.

Trained Animals

Large head lines in a Michigan paper announce that "Jim won't spell against the girls," and an article on Jim Key, the trained horse that has proved such a mine of wealth to his owner, says that the horse did not show his usual aptitude in responding to questions given him in the audience. From some of those who have seen him during the last few months letters have been sent to the League expressing the opinion that the horse is tired and worn out with constant exhibiting and ought to be allowed now to retire from public life. The humane societies in various states have done much to advertise this horse, and should not continue their advertising, when it is no longer humane to make the horse show the tricks he has become so famous for. Undoubtedly Jim Key is a good illustration of the aptitude and obedience an intelligent horse possesses, but it seems singular that so little notice has been taken of the fact that the horse can only spell words that one of the men who show him can spell. If Jim Key can spell the words given him when no one of his managers is in the room with him, or can influence him in any way, the most skeptical will have to admit that he has a wonderfully trained ear for sound, and is not simply guided by ingenious methods not yet understood by the public.

A trainer of cats gave away his method of making them run to him on command and kiss him. The cats were not fed for some hours and he smeared his face with fat or something that attracted them to him. The methods by which dogs have been trained to spell and count, and wild animals have been taught many tricks, have been explained in a series of articles in The Animals' Friend, called "Performing Animals," and it is a revelation to those who believe that animals enjoy being forced day after day to exhibit their "education."

Hagenbach's Circus

There are some evils, some terrible cruelties, that only a comparatively small number of humane men and women have taken any stand against, and the circus where trained animals perform is first and foremost among these. The tight check rein, the docking of horses tails, are only upheld by a few fashionable men and women and their number is rapidly growing less, but trainers of animals still pull the wool over the eyes of the public and those who enjoy seeing animals forced to do unnatural tricks, allow themselves to be persuaded into believing that the animals enjoy such performances. This is what I saw and heard last September when visiting with a friend the Jardin des Plantes, where Hagenbach was exhibiting trained animals. We did not wish to see the performance, but on our way we went through a walk which gave a view

of the rear of the exhibition. We saw an inclined plane or steps leading up to a high platform, and up this ascent a rather small elephant was being forced along. That he went most unwillingly was perfectly evident, for several men were urging him in the rear with long poles or sticks, which it is likely were sharp prods. From the front it could not be seen that he was forced, and from where we stood we could not see what he was to be made to do, but after he was on the top of the platform we heard a loud splash, so we knew he was made to jump off the platform into a pond or large tank of water.

We stood there and heard him groan as he came out, and we saw the men force him up again with still more difficulty, and heard another splash.

After the last splash we heard a continual succession of groans so extremely distressing that I started around to the front entrance and asked the man at the turnstile, who was taking the tickets, what made that elephant groan so distressingly. The man laughed and replied that he did not like to do that trick. I said then, in the best French I could muster, that it was certainly an act of cruelty to force him to do a trick that evidently caused him to suffer so much and so long, for I could still hear him moaning and groaning as if in great pain. The man laughed good naturedly again and shrugging his shoulders said it was a part of the business.

And so this cruel business goes on, on both sides of the ocean, and men coin money out of the blood and the groans of their fellow creatures, and good men and women encourage it, and send their children to see the unfortunate creatures that have been prodded, burned, beaten, starved and tortured into submission.

Again and again it has been proved that these animals are subjected to much cruel treatment, yet the public shut their eyes and ears and will not see or hear the truth. The exhibitions carried on in the city of Boston are and have been the means of much suffering and death to the animals there exhibited. Boston should be above such exhibitions.

At a cheap playhouse on Hanover Street, a bear has been kept in a cage for many months. Every little while pitiful stories are told me of the treatment this bear has to endure from visitors, who burn him with cigar stumps, spit in his face and tease and torment the unfortunate captive, whose very presence there should be enough to condemn the whole establishment. Yet I have been told that it cannot be prevented. Are we all doing what we should to protect these "fellow mortals" from imprisonment, and from all sorts of cruelty? It does not seem so; at least we can all refuse to attend any entertainment where animals perform, for we may be sure that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred "education" means constant suffering to the animals.

I once had a long talk with one of the trainers of a well known circus manager and the man finally acknowledged to me that the animals in that circus had to be starved and whipped and cowed into submission. Yet this man is still exhibiting and still telling the easily gulled public how humane are the methods employed in training the animals he exhibits.

A Plea for Vegetable Food

Investigations have been made recently in Ohio in regard to the slaughter of hogs. According to the description, the methods employed seem to a humane reader to be barbarous and fiendish cruelty, but those who have the charge of stock yards declare that the methods are "better than they used to be," and it is quite evident that humane societies so far in their history are not powerful, or influential, or, perhaps, zealous enough to work all together for stock yard and transportation reforms. A little advance has been made in these matters, but very much more is needed. All these cruelties, which are the cause of diseased meat, are a great argument for giving up flesh food. The vegetarians can feel that they have had good examples in Pythagoras, Plutarch, Socrates, Plato and, in more recent days, Milton, Sir Isaac Newton, Shelley, Emerson, Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, Nikola Tesla and other noted characters. A Captain Diamond of San Francisco, who was enjoying life at the age of 109 years when last heard from, is another good example to follow.

"We plead the cause of those dumb mouths that have no speech."



DOGS' CEMETERY, LONDON.

A CEMETERY FOR ANIMALS

II

Another notable cemetery for animals may be found in a secluded corner of Hyde Park, London, near the house of the lodge keeper at the Victoria Gate. This cemetery was opened in 1881 by the late Duke of Cambridge and now contains about four hundred graves. In this quiet spot close to the throbbing heart of the city it is restful to pause a while and bestow a little thought on the two great needs of mankind so manifest in the epitaphs, — an unselfish love, and a faith that reaches beyond this fleeting life. The epitaph that Lord Byron wrote on his Newfoundland dog is seen on one stone and is well worth quoting: —

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below.
When all is done upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have been.
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.

. . . . . .

Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on, — it honors none you wish to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one — and here he lies."

The following epitaphs express the hope that the Indian felt when he shot the dead warrior's steed believing that horse and master would be united beyond the grave.

"Shall He whose name is 'Love'
Deny our loving friend a home above?
Nay, he who orders all things for the best,
In Paradise will surely give them rest."

And again: —

"There are men most good and wise who say that dumb creatures we have cherished here below shall give us kindly greeting when we pass the Golden Gate."

Robert Southey showed this faith in his beautiful poem, "On the Death of a Favorite Old Spaniel": —

But fare thee well! Mine is no narrow creed:
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man. There is another world
For all that live and move — a better one!
Where the proud bipeds who would fain confine
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity may envy thee."

Less hopeful is this inscription: —

"Could I think we'd meet again
It would lighten half my pain."

But there is the joy of faith in these beautiful lines: —

"And when at length my own life's work is o'er
I hope to find her waiting as of yore,
Eager, exultant, glad to meet me at the door."

Other brief inscriptions express the same faith: "Till we meet again." "Good bye, but not forever; God restore thee to me, so prayeth thy loving mistress." "And not one of these is forgotten in the sight of God." "We are only sleeping, Master."

Short and very much to the point is the epitaph: —

Pat
"Dogs is Folks"

And very touching are these two: —

"She brought the sunshine into our lives, but
She took it away with her
To our gentle, lovely little Blenheim
Jane."

"Dear old Topsy for over 16 years
The faithful friend of Sir —
and his family. Loved, lamented, and respected."

Curly
He pined for his lost mistress and died
A faithful Friend.

But it is not worth while to multiply these records of loving remembrance. Enough have been given to show why these stones are erected.



DUKE. THE PARIS CEMETERY.

Bravery on the field of battle; courage and faithful effort in saving lives; loving companionship that cheered hearts made sad and bitter by the faithlessness, ingratitude, injustice and coldness of their own kin or kind, — these are traits of character that would have won admiration and respect if displayed by mankind, then why should they not be appreciated in a dog?

There are many spots in the world where the bodies of fourfooted friends have been tenderly laid by their bereaved owners. In Richard Wagner's garden, upon a mossy bank surrounded by evergreens, is a small marble slab with this inscription to his favorite dog: "Here lies in peace Vahnfried's faithful watcher and friend — the good and beautiful Mark."

The mausoleum of William the Silent is at Delft. Upon his sarcophagus lies the figure of the Prince in white marble; and at his feet the effigy of the little dog that saved his life at the siege of Malines.

Matthew Arnold wrote a poem of twenty stanzas to the memory of his dog Geist. It is entitled Geist's Grave, and in it he says: —

We lay thee close within our reach,
  Here where the grave is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech
  Where oft we watched thy couchant form.

Then some who through the garden pass
  When we too, like thyself are clay
Shall see thy grave upon the grass
  And stop before the stone and say: —

People who lived here long ago
  Did by this stone it seems intend
To name for future times to know
  The dachs-hound Geist, their little friend.



One more notable gravestone deserves mention. The epitaph on the monument will tell the story, though few dog lovers are not already familiar with it.

This monument
was erected by a noble lady,
The Baroness Burdett-Coutts,
to the memory of
Grey Friar's Bobby,
a faithful and affectionate
Little Dog
Who followed the remains of his beloved master
to the churchyard
in the year 1858,
and became a constant visitor to the grave
refusing to be separated from the spot
until he died
in the year 1872.

This monument is in Gray Friars' Churchyard in Edinburgh, and makes a fitting close to an article, the only intention of which is to interest those who count among their household companions a fourfooted friend whose faithful affection is appreciated; and to show to other men and women who have not been able to understand the bond of affection that so often exists between man and the other animals, and who consider the death of one of these, our fellow mortals, of no more account than the loss of a useful piece of furniture, that there is another view that has been, is, and ever will be, held by men and women who are possessed of equal or greater mind, and most certainly of a greater capacity for affection, than those who scoff at such love. A. H. S.



A League dog given a year ago to Mrs. Brooks, Roxbury.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

The League received three hundred and fifty-four dogs in April. Some were restored to owners and a number were placed in good homes, but the majority were dogs that no one would take.

Word came to the League that a dog with puppies was locked up in a recently vacated tenement. An agent was sent and found a small yellow dog, nearly starved to death, lying on the floor with four little puppies. She was brought to the League, given a little room to herself and a nice bed, and everything has been done to render her comfortable. She seems cross if strangers go to look at her so she is not often allowed to receive visitors.

Another very handsome black cocker spaniel with two puppies was sent in to the League and reported to be a deserted dog, but she was in fine condition. She is very restless and appears to be looking all the time for some one to come and claim her.

An Hour at the League

This was just a part of one day at the Animal Rescue League. Interruptions are so numerous we have never yet succeeded in getting the incidents of one whole day pieced together.

Man came with a puppy he had found on the street.

Two women came to get a dog. Spent a good deal or time looking and decided there was no dog that suited them in the kennels.

Two women visitors.

Man and boy came to ask for a cat. Man had been drinking. Of course they did not get one.

Woman came with a puppy she wished to have us keep for her through that day.

Boy came to see the dogs.

Two boys to see dogs.

Two ladies to see dogs. They wantted an Irish setter.

Expressman brought box containing cat. He could not tell where it came from but said the cat was left all night in the express office and the men fed her.

Woman came with two kittens.

Several visitors followed one after another to see place.

Man brought a sick collie.

Young woman came wanting a dog but said they were all "curs" and she would not take one.

Man came from a factory wanting a cat.

Gentleman came wanting a bull dog.

Woman brought in cat.

While these were coming and going our agents were bringing in cats and dogs they had been sent out to get, and later in the day more animals were brought in and there were more visitors.

A cat was brought in with one eye badly hurt and bleeding. She was a homeless cat

and went to a butcher's shop on West Cedar Street begging for a morsel of meat to stay her hunger. The man answered her by squirting a mouthful of tobacco juice in her eye. The cat was frantic with the pain and it was with difficulty that Mrs. H——, also a resident of that street, who hastened to the rescue of the tortured cat, caught her. The man laughed, and when an agent was sent to him denied that he had done this cowardly and cruel act.

Rescued Horses

The Animal Rescue League has bought during the last month one bay horse, ring bone, fore leg sprung, bought from a South Boston pedlar for five dollars.

One roan, injured in the leg, bought of a barrel pedlar for $5.00.

One white horse, lame, old and emaciated, and one sorrel with injured hip, bought from junk dealers, $5.00 each.

One white horse spavined, Roxbury wood pedlar, $5.00.

A bay horse owned by a truckman taken from hospital and traded off to a horse dealer, bought for $2.50.

These horses would all have been kept at work or traded off into other cities or the country had they not been secured. The new law leaves a loop-hole which allows men to escape by saying that they are going to rest their horses or have them treated, but it was the best law that could be got at present and already has done much good. Several traders in cheap horses have given up the business since the law passed and the principal traffic in old horses is now carried on by individuals.

The president of the League has given fourteen stereoptican lectures since February, and has given a paper on the Education of Kindness to the Fathers' and Mothers' Club. One lecture was given the Bunker Hill Boys' Club in Charlestown. A week later a boy brought to the League a most wretched bull terrier that he found on the street in Charlestown too weak to walk without falling. He said it was the talk he heard at the Club that caused him to bring the dog to the League. After a lecture at the Wellington School a little girl came up to the lecturer and told her that she knew she had hurt her kitten and made it scratch her but now she should never hurt her again. Such immediate results are encouraging. The teachers of the schools have expressed much interest in the pictures and the talks and this is also encouraging. In Cambridge the superintendent of schools, Mr. Bates, and assistant superintendent, Miss Lewis, were present and said very kind things about the lecture, showing their interest in humane education.

About Cats

Those who think the League might find more homes for cats should have been in the cats' room one afternoon recently when at least eight kindly and pleasant appearing women kept the matron the better part of one hour away from her desk asking questions about the cats, waking up the sleepers in order to examine their good points, insisting upon timid cats being brought down from the highest shelves in the closet where they like to seclude themselves, and then all deciding that there was no cat among the whole collection that they fancied enough to take into their homes. Yet we thought the cats an unusually good looking and well behaved lot. Certainly there were a few that would have done credit to any establishment. What do the people want? Do they expect a refuge for homeless cats to be stocked with angoras?

Doubtless there are chances to give cats away which we do not avail ourselves of, that some other persons would consider us foolish to refuse. For example, a man came from a store and asked for a male and a female cat. We refused for what we consider good reasons. Our reasons are that we know from experience, that when female cats breed in a store, it takes but a short time for the cellar and basement to be full of wild cats and kittens, that become so great a trouble in the establishment, we are called upon next to send our men to try to catch them, an almost, and usually a quite, impossible task. Our organization was not formed to stock the city with half-starved cats and wild, miserable kittens, but to afford a place to which they can be brought.

This is a very good illustration of what we try to do. A little boy came to the League last month bringing a cat whose head was badly injured and who was in a dying condition. The cat came from Eliot Street and careful inquiries were made with the result that we found the cat had stolen a piece of meat from a restaurant and a man chased her out of the door, hit her on the head with something — the boy who told the story said it was a poker — and the cat fell dying in a doorway from whence the boy who saw this done brought her to the League. The next day I visited the restaurant. The proprietor declared the innocence of himself and his men, but said that the cats about his place had multiplied so, that they were a great nuisance both night and day. I accepted his word but urged him to feed these starving cats, catch them and bring them to the League. The same day his wife brought a miserable cat and the man himself came a few days later with another. I tell this story to illustrate two points. That men troubled with rats and mice encourage the increase of cats until the cat becomes a greater trouble than the rats, then the cats are very likely to be turned out of doors, in any rough or cruel fashion. Next — that the purpose of the League is to encourage men and boys to send us such animals instead of literally driving them out by kicks and blows.

A note received from Roxbury asks the League what to do in the following case: "We are about troubled to death with tramp cats here, both day and night, and as I do not like to shoot them thought probably you could advise us or help us to get rid of them."

The only answer we can give in such cases is that if those who are troubled with cats and dogs are certain the animals do not belong to their neighbors, and if they can secure them and keep them until they notify us, we will send an agent to take them to the League. As we have from thirty to sixty calls a day asking us to send agents in every direction we cannot spare a man long enough to wait and watch for vagrant cats, neither do we wish to run the risk of taking cats that have homes in the neighborhood.

We have a great many very pleasant replys to the cards we send out asking if the dog or cat we placed in a home is satisfactory and contented. Occasionally, as we find space in this magazine, we publish a few for the comfort of others who may feel anxious about them. Any visitor wishing to see some of these letters is welcome to ask the matron to show those we have on file. After a time, the records being kept on slips, the letters are destroyed.

A Few Letters.

"I think that I owe it to you to tell you about the cat, Dick, we took from the League in August. He had been given up by a doctor who could no longer care for him. We think he is almost human. He claimed us as friends from the start, and his confidence in us is boundless, never having been abused. He loves to lie curled up, a great ball of fur, in my lap and sleep while I read the evening paper. He is as neat as wax. Let me tell you an incident that happened two weeks ago. A friend gave us a beautiful little Angora kitten. He played about the kitchen and big Dick came out from his nook in a book-case in the dining-room and got his eye on Fluff. His nose was out of joint at once. He did not offer to touch the kitty but he sat down a short distance from him and cried and meowed as if his heart would break. He kept it up a long time until we took pity on him and carried the kitten back where he came from. We would not exchange Dick for the highest-toned Angora cat in America. We claim that he knows every word we say to him. We thank you very much for the gift of him to us. WILLIAM S. C., Atlantic."

"In reply to your postal card would simply say I am so well pleased with the cat that money would not purchase our pet. If you feel any doubt about his being perfectly happy I should be pleased to have you call on him."

G. W., Boston.

"The cat is contented and we are well pleased with him. Dog and cat agree well together." A. T. G., East Boston.

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The ramification and development of the press clipping industry is not nearly understood nor appreciated by the average public, but that Mr. Burrelle has developed the industry far beyond the original purpose of the pioneer is readily conceded by all who have come in contact with him personally.—THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.



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